

The Argus.

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Volume I.

HOLBROOK, ARIZONA, THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1896.

Number 25.

THE RAILROADS. Atlantic & Pacific R. R. Co. TIME TABLE.

EASTWARD.		STATIONS.		WESTWARD.	
No. 4	No. 2			No. 1	No. 3
8:30a	10:30p	Ar. Chicago	Ar	10:00p	6:00p
5:00p	7:00a	Ar. Kansas City	Ar	1:35p	9:10a
8:00a	5:15p	Ar. Denver	Ar	7:00p	4:00p
9:00a	8:15p	Ar. Albuquerque	Ar	3:00a	12:00p
4:00a	2:00p	Ar. Wingate	Ar	8:25a	4:50p
3:40a	2:35p	Ar. Gallup	Ar	9:10a	5:25p
12:30a	10:40a	Ar. Holbrook	Ar	12:30p	8:10p
11:00p	9:30a	Ar. Winslow	Ar	1:55p	9:10p
8:45p	7:20a	Ar. Flagstaff	Ar	4:20p	11:20p
6:50p	6:05a	Ar. Williams	Ar	6:00p	12:45a
5:40p	5:00a	Ar. Baggart	Ar	6:25a	9:30a
12:30p	11:20p	Ar. Kingman	Ar	1:55a	5:45a
10:00a	8:50p	Ar. Needles	Ar	4:40a	7:50a
8:30a	7:25p	Ar. Blake	Ar	6:25a	9:30a
6:50a	5:45p	Ar. Barstow	Ar	11:45a	1:40p
5:30a	2:10p	Ar. Mojave	Ar	12:15p	2:10p
10:00a	Ar. Los Angeles	Ar	6:00p		
8:00p	7:00a	Ar. San Diego	Ar	6:50p	6:05p
5:30p	Ar. San Francisco	Ar	10:10p		

Train No. 3, westward, and train No. 4, eastward, are fast limited trains, carrying first-class passengers only and equipped with Pullman's latest and most elegant sleeping cars, reclining chair cars, with an attendant to look after the passengers' comfort and new dining cars through which change between Los Angeles and Chicago.

In addition to the regular daily equipment, a luxurious compartment sleeping car, containing two drawing rooms and seven family rooms will be attached to No. 4, leaving Los Angeles on Tuesdays and Chicago on Wednesdays of each week.

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 carry Pullman Palace sleeping cars through without change between Chicago and San Francisco, with an annex car between Barstow and Los Angeles. Pullman Tourist sleeping cars through without change between Chicago and San Francisco, and Chicago and Los Angeles every day; twice a week between Los Angeles and San Francisco, and once a week between Los Angeles and San Francisco.

Trains Nos. 3 and 4 are the most comfortable trains between Chicago and San Francisco. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado can be reached in no other way.

The meals at Harvey's Dining Rooms are an excellent feature of the line, and are only equalled by those served on the new Dining Cars which are carried on all limited trains.

Gen'l Pass. Agent, Albuquerque, N.M. H. C. BUSH.
Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent, San Francisco, Cal. C. W. SMITH.
Receiver and Gen'l Manager.

S. F., P. & P. Railway. TIME TABLE No. 15. In effect December 25, at 12:05 a. m.

SOUTH DAILY.		STATIONS.		NORTH DAILY.	
No. 31	No. 1			No. 2	No. 32
2:00p	7:00a	Ar. Ash Fork	Ar	5:30p	12:01p
2:20p	7:10a	Ar. Meath	Ar	5:50p	11:57a
2:40p	7:20a	Ar. Winklow	Ar	6:10p	11:53a
3:00p	7:30a	Ar. Butte	Ar	6:30p	11:49a
3:20p	7:40a	Ar. Cedar Glade	Ar	6:50p	11:45a
3:40p	7:50a	Ar. Valley	Ar	7:10p	11:41a
4:00p	8:00a	Ar. Del Rio	Ar	7:30p	11:37a
4:20p	8:10a	Ar. Granit	Ar	7:50p	11:33a
4:40p	8:20a	Ar. Massieks	Ar	8:10p	11:29a
4:50p	8:30a	Ar. Prescott	Ar	8:30p	11:25a

No. 41		No. 42	
9:00a	9:50a	Prescott	4:10p
9:10a	10:00a	Iron Springs	4:20p
9:20a	10:10a	Marion	4:30p
9:30a	10:20a	Ramsburg	4:40p
9:40a	10:30a	Skull Valley	4:50p
9:50a	10:40a	Kirkland	5:00p
10:00a	10:50a	Grand View	5:10p
10:10a	11:00a	Hillside	5:20p
10:20a	11:10a	Date Creek	5:30p
10:30a	11:20a	Martinez	5:40p
10:40a	11:30a	Congress	5:50p
10:50a	11:40a	Marjuna Hills	6:00p
11:00a	11:50a	Wickenburg	6:10p
11:10a	12:00p	Culture	6:20p
11:20a	12:10p	Hot Springs	6:30p
11:30a	12:20p	Marionette	6:40p
11:40a	12:30p	Peoria	6:50p
11:50a	12:40p	Glendale	7:00p
12:00p	12:50p	Thabara	7:10p
12:10p	1:00p	Phoenix	7:20p

Trains Nos. 41 and 42 run on alternate days. Information as to what days same will run will be furnished by agents on application.

No. 1 makes connections at Ash Fork with A. & P. vestibule limited No. 3 from the east. This is the finest train west of Chicago. No. 2 also connects with A. & P. No. 2 from the west.

Persons desiring to stay over at Ash Fork will find the best of accommodations at Fred Harvey's hotel.

No. 2 makes close connection at Ash Fork with A. & P. trains No. 1 and 4. A. & P. No. 1 reaches San Francisco 10:45 a. m. and morning stage lines for Hermosa, Santa Monica and Yuma; at Phoenix with the Marjuna & Phoenix Ry. for points on the S. P. Ry.

This line is the best route to the Great Salt River Valley. For information regarding this valley and the rich mining section tributary to this road, address any Santa Fe Route representative, or

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Office in Court House, Prescott, Arizona.

J. P. WELCH, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
HOLBROOK, ARIZONA.

STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION. —OF THE— First National Bank ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., At the close of business, Thursday, May 7, 1896.

RESOURCES:	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 587,828.49
Stocks, Bonds and Securities	92,114.28
Bank Building, Furniture and Fixtures	40,318.00
United States Bonds	\$250,000.00
Cash on hand and Exchange	386,591.56
Cash Resources	636,591.56
Total	\$1,356,852.43

LIABILITIES:	
Capital Stock	\$ 100,000.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits	59,208.15
Circulation	90,000.00
Deposits	1,107,644.28
Total	\$1,356,852.43

Consternation Caused by a Cry of Fire in a Philadelphia Tailor Shop.

Next door to the office of a popular magistrate in the central portion of that city there is a small tailor shop which has this sign in the window: "Trousers pressed while you wait." Quite a number of politicians frequent the magistrate's office, says the Philadelphia Record, and they often drop into the tailor shop to have the "legs" taken out of their trouser knees. One day lately Select Councilman "Tommy" Ryan and a number of up-country delegates were sitting in the tailor's back room while their respective pantaloons were being ironed. Representative John H. Fow, who is forever on the lookout to play a practical joke, passed the door of the shop and took in the situation at a glance. Mr. Fow raised his mighty fog-horn voice in one wild cry of "Fire!" The effect was instantaneous and startling. Mr. Ryan, the first to dash through the shop door, was clothed, as to his rather extremities, in flaming scarlet. Two of the country politicians wore gray and white, but the third wore, besides the startled look upon his face, not much of anything. His "biled" shirt was pretty long, but it did not prevent the few pedestrians on the street from seeing his bare knees knocking together with fright. When the victims realized the trick that had been played upon them they scurried back to shelter.

A Story of Pluck and Sacrifice.

A Rockland (Me.) woman whose story is briefly outlined by the Courier-Gazette has particular reasons for thankfulness that the last years of her life are spent in the land that celebrates July 4. This lady, Mrs. Hannahhan by name, lived in Ireland at the time of the potato famine. At last things got so desperate with her family that they held a council to see what could be done to keep them from starvation. America was thought of, but if the husband went to the United States what would keep the mother and children? So the brave woman decided that she would go. By hard exertion and bitter sacrifice her passage money was earned, and, taking a sad farewell of her home and little ones, she crossed the ocean. She procured a situation in New York, and while the father kept the family together and earned enough to give them a scanty living the mother worked night and day in the far-off city to get the funds that would bring her dear ones to this country. At length the years of probation were over, the father and children landed in New York and the family was once more united. "Ah!" said the old lady, "it was a happy day when I saw me man and the children landing from the steamer."

Love and Tatooing.

When young and poor one of the now wealthy citizens of Waterbury, Conn., loved a poor and beautiful maiden. So much did he love her that he had her name and a striking portrait of her tattooed on his right arm. Her parents opposed the match and forced her to wed a rich suitor. The young man vowed he would never marry, and for forty years he remained a bachelor. He became many times as rich as the man who had wrecked his youth's dream of love. A few weeks ago he capitulated to the charms of one of Derby's fair belles, and proposed marriage. She accepted on condition that he should have the tattooed reminiscence of his first passion removed. The sight of the symbol could not fail to prove embarrassing to both. A doctor was called in and performed a painful but not dangerous surgical operation, and the counterit presentment of his first love was replaced with an ugly scar as a reminder, so he now says, of his soon-to-be bride of the folly of youth.

Punishing a Slanderer.

A Puritan preacher named Boyd was in the habit of inveighing against Cromwell. Secretary Thurlow informed the latter, advising him to have the man shot. "He's a fool, and you're another," said the preacher; "I'll pay him out in his own coin." He asked Boyd to dinner, and, before giving him any, prayed for three hours.

REMINISCENCES. Personal Experiences and Recollections of Arizona, During The Past Thirty-Three Years.

"Franklin's Hole"—When and by Whom Discovered and Named, and Other Matters Incidental Thereof.

BY A. F. BANTA.

CHAPTER II.

As previously stated, the expedition for explorations west of the 100th meridian, and composed of three separate divisions, left the vicinity of Fort Wingate on the morning of July 3rd, 1873.

Lieutenant Wheeler did not possess a very amiable disposition; on the contrary, he appeared to take delight in annoying and tyrannizing over those subject to his orders. Another peculiarity of the gentlemanly(?) Wheeler, he took pride in his ability, à la John L. Sullivan, as a plug-ugly, which propensity on one particular occasion would have cost the Lieutenant his life, had he not judiciously "weakened" at the proper moment. As an example of Wheeler's methods, all parties desired to celebrate the National holiday, by remaining in the camp near Wingate, the corpse of Professors in particular some of whom had taken for granted such would be the case, and had made some preparation to this end. But no sooner did Lieutenant Wheeler learn this to be the desire of all parties, than he immediately issued "orders" for the command to be ready to march at daylight on the morning of July 3rd; consequently being on the march, July 4th found us "hitting the trail" in great shape all that day.

The three "divisions" traveled in company for three days, and on the morning of the fourth day separated; parties "one" and "three," under the charge of Wheeler, continuing down the valley of the Rio Puerco of the West, along where the Atlantic & Pacific railway now runs, to Sunset crossing of the Little Colorado and established a "supply-camp" on the west bank of that river. After the separation party No. 2 struck out in a northwest by west direction for old Fort Defiance.

The personnel of party No. 2 were to the best of my recollection as follows, to-wit: Lieutenant Russell in charge and who commanded the military escort. Besides his military duties, the Lieutenant "took the Sun" as also the stars on clear nights by which our longitude and latitude were determined. The topographer for the outfit was a Mr. Summers; and the man who measured each day's march was Mr. T. V. Brown, who at this writing is the Superintendent of the German Hospital at San Francisco. The boss scientist for the whole expedition and who was assigned to party No. 2, was a Herr Von Lowe. Von Lowe was a peculiar individual personally; his legs were about 18 inches in length; he wore a number 8 hat, and being in the neighborhood of 4 feet in height, this caused his head to appear as large as a bushel basket. However Professor Lowe never obtrusively "talked shop," but if one desired information he was ever ready to impart it; not by simply saying "it is so," but proving its truth by demonstration. Of course there were the usual omniscient(?) "language cranks," and the "bugologist;" also other high-salaried professors whose names I have now forgotten. A detachment of Uncle Sam's boys in blue as an escort. The necessary number of pack-mules and their complement of packers, under the charge of C. Carson as "boss" and H. Wood Dodd as "assistant boss" packer. Lastly and perhaps leastly, the author of these "reminiscences" as guide and general utility man for the expedition.

In due time and without incident worthy of note, we reached old Fort Defiance the U. S. agency for the Navajo Indians. Fort Defiance is an old ante bellum post, situate half a mile west of the 109th meridian, and was first established by Major Scott when he rode triumphant into the City of Mexico.

AN ENERGETIC NEW WOMAN.

She Can Make Her Way in the World and Look Out for Herself.

"I don't take much stock in these new woman ideas," remarked a man from south Georgia the other day, according to the Atlanta Constitution, "but I saw one to-day I would like to have in my corn field in fodder season to pull fodder. Say, that woman was a James D. She saw a street car about a block and a half away and made up her mind to catch it; and she did begosh. She made a plunge for it and whistled for the conductor to stop the concern. The conductor didn't think she would ever reach the car and consequently did not stop. But that woman was one of the up-to-daters, and she had different notions from those of the conductor. She ran like a rabbit, and it wasn't long before she had planted her tiny foot upon the step of the retreating car.

"I felt disposed to applaud her for this feat, but about that time she reached up and pulled the bell cord and stopped the car herself.

"The conductor and motorman looked up in astonishment. 'I simply want to wait for my dog to catch up,' she replied, to their inquisitive glances.

"Now, all I have to say is this—that if that woman is a new woman, we need more of them to run this country. We need them particularly in the corn fields."

WASHINGTON'S JACKASS.

It Won the First Prize at the South Carolina Fair in 1790.

The collection of colonial relics for the ladies' exhibit at the Atlanta exposition has a curiosity which seems to be proof positive that Gen. George Washington was somewhat of a stock grower, and took a hand in making exhibits at fairs himself.

This relic is a large solid silver cup with the date 1790 upon it, and by its appearance is was without doubt made about that time. It bears the following inscription in fine lettering just under the rim: "A premium from the Agricultural Society of South Carolina to Gen. Washington for raising the largest jackass."

Just under the word jackass is a picture of the animal himself engraved on the silver. Capt. Purse is now in temporary possession of this relic and proposes to secure it for the collection of colonial relics to be exhibited by the colonial dames of America. Another interesting relic, which will go in the exhibit and which Capt. Purse now has in charge, is the saddle used by Gen. Scott when he rode triumphant into the City of Mexico.

doe war), as an outpost of defiance to the powerful Indian tribe of Navajos; and also as an auxiliary post to Fort Fontleroy, now known as Fort Wingate. Arriving at Defiance our party lay by here one day to recuperate and "re-adjust" the packs; and while here the writer caught a fish having four tiny legs with small claw-like feet used to hold itself steady under water, by catching hold of a blade of grass or a twig. In general appearance the fish resembled the common cat-fish; but its tiny legs and claw-feet, no larger than the smallest broom-straw, were simply the natural result of evolution—conforming to its changed conditions and in accord with its present environment. However the fish was a curiosity to the "ologists" of the party, and it was put in alcohol and sent to the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, D. C.

Taking the old Moqui's trail out of Defiance, the outfit simply traveled and camped, and then to vary the monotony, traveled and again camped, all without incident outside of the ordinary life on the trail, until the old pre-historic ruins of Pueblo Colorado (now named Ganada) were reached. The ruins are quite extensive, parts of walls yet standing that are twenty or more feet in height. Here our scientists simply reveled in their explorations and theories respecting the former inhabitants of these ancient habitations of the human race; it was "Oedipe" over again—the riddle of the Sphinx with surmises or theories for the "answer." The ruins of the Pueblo Colorado (Red Village), topographically, are situate on the headwaters of Cottonwood creek, which runs in a south-westerly direction, and joins the Little Colorado river opposite the town of Winslow. The whole southwest country is literally covered with this class of ruins, the mute relics of a once numerous semi-civilized race. Who and what were these people? Did they migrate in mass, like the Hebrews did out of Egypt, to the great basin of Anahuac, where now stands their capital city at present called the city of Mexico? This is the most reasonable supposition, as it seems hardly probable they were destroyed, while their prototypes—the Zunis, Moquis and other Pueblos—maintained themselves so many centuries against the "wild-dog people," as the Apaches and Navajos are called by those Pueblos.

After Pueblo Colorado our next "point of rest" was the Moqui village of Hualpi, situate on the summit of a sandstone mesa (table), 600 feet above the plain. At this time—1873—the children of both sexes did not even use a fig-leaf, but went unconcernedly naked until they were twelve years old. They were as guileless as so many little domestic animals; for at that time the infernal contaminating influences of missionaries, schools, scallawags and whisky, had not as yet become a part of the Moqui knowledge and experience. Girls of all ages up to perhaps twelve or fourteen, (at which later age they usually enter the connubial state), were perfectly innocent of any improprieties. But for one to "stare" at her fig-leafless "agility," she would get fully as indignant as would her décolleté white sister, with dress cut moderately high from the knees, if some "rude" person should attempt to stare the latter "out of countenance." However I suppose this matter can be, as many ladies would like to have it, buttered over with the convenient "boni soit qui mal y pense."

How many centuries the Moquis have made their habitat upon the top of those precipitous and almost inaccessible mesas, we have no way of knowing at the present time. Suffice to say, that 356 years ago Coronado found the villages about the same in appearance at his time, as they were in 1873; and, unless another "rosetta stone" shall have been found at some future time, the prehistoric account of these so-called "pueblos" will never have become a part of authenticated history. However between the villages of Hualpi and Suchongnevy is a foot-path, worn down into the solid rock fully a foot in depth; and when we take into consideration, all this wearing away of the rock was done with

moccasined and bare-feet, it is easily conjectured that centuries have come and gone, since the first Adam-and-Eve-like-Hualpi made their first social call upon their nearest neighbors the Suchongnevyites, and vice versa, to gossip over the latest style of wearing the hair, the only "fashion" with which they were then cursed.

During our one day "stop-over" at Hualpi, it was time enough for the "language crank" of the outfit to learn the Moqui tongue; at least he claimed to know it all, and there was "no sort o' use" for either Moqui or White to argue with the crank, for "he shore did know it"—in his own egotistical opinion.

[CONTINUED.]

Poor Mr. Gladstone, after inheriting a fortune supposed to be ample for all the needs of a gentleman, and living prudently, is obliged to signalize his retirement from the longest career as a party leader ever known, by selling his library and works of art to reduce his expenses. On the contrary, our American president, after the most sudden and brief participation in party leadership which has ever crowned personal mediocrity with National disaster, reviews his short period of office holding, only twelve years in all, to find that it has lifted him from a bachelor's flat in Buffalo into the honor of being the first to retire from the presidency a millionaire.—Ex.

There is no man in Arizona of more varied occupation than Judge Judia of Solomonville, a regular Poo Bah. He is one of the justices of the peace of that precinct. He is the only hair dresser and barber, the only paper hanger, the only glazier, the only carpenter and ice cream manufacturer. He enjoys a monopoly of the fish importing business and conducts the only bath house in town. He is also the proprietor of a free bootblack stand. He furnishes the stand, the blacking and the brushes. The Star reporter had experience only with the tonsorial side of Judge Judia. He is a good barber and those who had to do with him in other capacities, legal, mechanical, artistic, manufacturing and gastronomic, say he excels in all.—Arizona Star.

Another curious find has been made in the yard at the Nevada prison. This time it is the vertebrae of a huge elephant or mastodon, firmly encased in sandstone. This was uncovered only a few days ago, and will be numbered among the archaeological treasures already taken out. This was found at the same place where the celebrated Carson prehistoric footprints are. In this yard, under fifty-six feet of solid rock, which was quarried by prisoners for building purposes, at the same depth were found any number of bird and mastodon tracks in the sandstone, prints which eminent scientists have called human. They are eighteen inches in length, and the stride is three feet.

Jerry Crowley was found dead in the city hall plaza about dark on Monday evening. He had been ill for some time and during the past two months spent most of his time sitting on the benches in the plaza. When found he was near the steps that lead to the governor's office with his head under him as though he had fallen with his head under him and smothered to death. Jerry Crowley has been in the country for twenty to twenty-five years and was considered one of the best miners in the territory. He came to Arizona from New York.—Phoenix Gazette.

Watch out for the \$2 and \$5 counterfeit bills which the country is being flooded just now.

Those bearing the portrait of Gen. Grant can be detected by the spotted countenance and the shirt front is plain instead of open and bulged. A \$2 bill is signed "W. S. Roscerans" instead of W. S. Rosecrans, and another with the portrait of ex-Secretary Windom has sunken cheeks and a faulty chin.—Arizona Sentinel.

Why not try this paper 3 months?